

0
The Merry Bell-man's
OUT-CRYES,

O R,

The City's O Y E S.

Being a mad merry Ditty, both Pleasant and witty,
to be cry'd in *Prick-song* Prose through
Country and City;

*After a Conscience lately lost
Between the Stocks and Whipping-post.
Which for a Penny to the Bell-man,
If you the warke can to him let-man,
His Art shall not be us'd in vaine,
To help you to your goods againe.
And make you a whole fort-night after,
Bepist your selves with very laughter.*

Not by L. P. but J. C.



Printed in the Year of *Bartledum* Fair, 1655.
When few honest men can Thrive.

57

14475.15.75 *

July 22, 1925

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CHILD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Deposited in Harvard College Library

The City of New York

Is a city of a million people
and a city of a million stories

It is a city of a million people
and a city of a million stories
It is a city of a million people
and a city of a million stories
It is a city of a million people
and a city of a million stories

Wm. L. P. Inc. C.



Printed in the Year of 1925
in the City of New York



The Merry
BELL-MANS
 O Yes, O Yes.

IF any Man, or Woman in City, Town or Country, can tell any Tale or Tidings of a honest *Breakers Conscience*, lost (he cannot tell when) between the *stocks in Wise-chappel*, and the *Whipping-post at Charing-Cross*, it being supposed to be strayed out of *Houndsditch* thorow *Long-lane* or *Charter-house Lane*, the markes to know it by in all likelyhood are these, It is a Monsterous huge Beast, of a devouring nature, sparing neither, man, Woman nor Childe, of a *Rosguish black colour*, his *panch* being like the *Devills Store-house*, a recepticle for *Theiery*, and a venefer *Villiny*; he is marked in the right hand with *T*, that stands for *Theiery* or ugly *Tyburn*, in the fore-head with *E*, for *Extortioner*, on his shoulder with *C* for *Caterpillar*, or *Covetous Catiff*, on his right side *O* for *Oppressor*, on the left side with *D* for devouring *Devil*, and in the taile with three *XXXes*, which stands for 30. pound in the Hundred, which unlawfull *Usury* and *Extortion* (without the least scruple of dishonesty) he lives upon, to the devouring of many hundred of poor People in a year, if you hear of any

A 2

such

such Beast, bring word to Squire Dun the Hang-man, at his Mannor House in Bell-Alley, and they shall see him turn'd off for their pines.

*Down to those Foxes, for it is great pitty,
Such Vermin rest unhang'd to spoil a City.*

O yes, O yes, O yes.

IF any Man, Woman, or Child, in City, Towne and Country, can tell any Tale or Tidings of a Charitable Usurer, a Priest that is not Covetous, a Tailor that is no Thief, a Whore that it would not be accounted a very honest Woman, an old cunning Bawde, that is not Diseased; a sullen Wife, that hath a minde to live honest, a Woman with a long Botch-Nose that is not a Scold; A fourth Drunken Woman that is not a nasty Slut, a little Woman that is patient, a great man that is Valiant, a Carret-boarded Man that is Loyall, an Astronomer that is not Impudent, an old Thieft that turns honest, a fly Hypocrite that would not be taken for the best Christian, a young Tub-man that cannot preach Nonse for a Sister that will not take a touch in zeale, a Puritane that will not lie, a Smith that hates good Lickquor, a Baker that makes his bread ever-weight, a bairry man that is not lecherous, a Woman that cannot dissemble, and a Pimpe that is not adacious, and a Tapster that will not mis-reckon, and a Poet that is an Usurer, let them leave word at the three Smoking Chimneys on Fleet-Conduit, or at the Royall Exchange in Turn-a-gain Lane, or bring speedy word to the Cryer, and they shall have an unknown reward for their pines.

*These are rare People, and hardly found
Within the Circuit of Old Englands ground,*

O yes.

(5)

O yes, O yes, O yes.

If any man, Woman or Mortall between Fleet Bridge and Temple Bar, have taken up a Skye-colour'd silke Petticoat, with foure silver Laces about the Skirt, a Layne Apron laced round with a Flanders Lace, and the same Lace down the middle; Also a new Holland Smock marked with E.W. in the bosom; wrists & gussets wrought with pure Naples Silk, it being about foure yeaids compasse in the Skirt, let them leave word at the signe of the Turn-up Cart and four Horses in twatling Street, or at the Whip and Eggshel in Jack-an-apes Lane; they shall be accounted Puppies for their paines.

*Because the Ladies Head that causes them scarnes
To hide's Wives losses in his velvet Hornes.*

O yes, O yes, O yes.

If any man, Woman or Mortall can tell any Tale or Tidings of a golden Calf lost long since in Egypt, it being now by the Egyptian Sooth-sayers imagined to be grown a BULL, and worshipped by some Idolaters in the Land of Aodmol, let them bring word to the Queen of Egypts Corn-cutter, living at the Kings Arms in horn-Alley, and they shall have the Bull-head, his Hide, Intrailes, and Petticoats for their gaines.

*For now are verger fools then were by half,
That can't discern a Bull, from a Bull-calf.*

O yes, O yes, O yes.

If any man or Dogg can tell any Tale or Tidings of an Honest Chamber-maid of about Twensay for e years of Age, being Fourten hand high, that goes a Canterbury pace back-ward and forward, mouthes her game gently, and is painted,

Painted in the right cheek with *A*, that stands for *Adulterate*, and in the left cheek with *B*, betokening *Beauty*, she hath a *black mark* between her leggs, of a lascivious behaviour, and it is thought young with Foale; being strayed from a Lady in *Crown Garden* about a fortnight since, If you meet with any such Creature, leave word at the *Piazza* in the place *aforesaid*, or give notice to the *Crier*, and you shall have a *Dandery biffe* for their paines.

*For that her losse doth prove a great disasther,
To ease the Lady, and to help her Master.*

O yes, O yes, O yes,

If any man or Woman in Town, Country or City, can tell any Tale or Tidings of *absur-300 two-legg'd Hackney Mares* broake out of their pastures in *Cole-yard*, *Soddom & Gomorrah*, *Dogg-yard*, *Long-ace*, *Drury-lane*, *Rouge-lane*, *May-pole Alley*, and some other placee adjacent, about two dayes before *Bartholomew day*, and supposed to be taken up in *Whore* and *Bacon lane*, vulgarly called *Hosier-street*, or in *Cuckolds lane*, so called *Cow street*, or in *Diving Alley*, commonly called *Duck-lane*, or in any other chamber, shop, garret or celler within the liberty of *Cuckolds Pould*, let them presently upon hearing this *Out-cry*, turn them out of doores, or send them home by the next Officer to them, else they shall loose their Rent, for letting their roomes to such an unlawfull occupation, and ever after be accounted no better then *Pimps* for their paines; You may know them by these marks; they are painted on both cheeks, having rowling goggle Eyes, something bluish underneath, and most of them burnt about their *Dock*, they have many other marks, as well as *Jades tricks* to be known by, but these are sufficient, therefore it is expected that you turn them

them presently out, or conduct them home by a Martiall man or Beadle, as you will answer the contrary.

*Those Cartell lately were so cheap and plenty,
Where you have one & bore now you then had twenty.*

Oyes, O yes, Oyes.

IF any Man or Woman in Town, Country or City can tell any tale or Tidings of a Maiden-head of Two and Twenty years of age, lately lost at *Placeto* between the *Hamm* in *Bedfordshire*, let them bring word to the signe of the *Dilldoe* in *Sticklers bury*, or to the *Divell* over against *Rogues Lane*, not farr from *Pistle Barr*, and they shall be accounted *Puppies* for their paines.

*For now that Maiden is a Maiden Queen,
Can keep her Maiden-head till Fourteen.*

Oyes, O yes, Oyes.

IF any man or beast can tell any Tale or Tidings of one *Mrs. Anne Quier*, lost a long time since, shee being thought to be departed the land with one *Mrs. Faith Hope*, and *Mrs. Prudence Charity*, she is of a lowly, meek, humble Nature, of a constant Minde, a brown haire, sparkling eye, rose-coloured cheek, cherry lip, violet vaines on her neck, breathes sweeter then *Arabian spices*, her breasts like two little Mountaines of *Snow*, her Heart an Altar to the gods, her pray'r is the *Incence*, her belly, *Verines Mint*, from whence all Arts & Sciences have their Birth, her thighs like two *Colosse*, or *Herculian Pillers*, her Legs like *Alabaster Twine*, her Feet,

*That do support this glorious Frame
Doth want a Figure to describe the same.*

Oyes.

18
O yes, O yes, O yes.

IF any Man or Woman in Town, Country or City can tell any tale or Tidings of a Womans Tongue lately lost in a *Brawle* at *Billing-gate*, it is of a very nimble and perpetuall motion, of a sharp, shrill thundering voice, of a blackish yellow bloody colour, something speckled and forked at the butt-end; also much scab'd neer the throat; if ye finde any such Beast, bring word to the tongue-wright neer Execution wharf, or to Squire Dun at the place afore-said, and ye shall hear a *Funerall Letter*, in *Billing-gate* Nonsensé, and have a messe of mauldering Broath, with a dish of Corps and Powis, serv'd in with *Vinegar* and *Mustard* sauce for your paines.

For nothing like this black unruly tongue,
For which fair Vertus often suffers wrong.

O yes, O yes, O yes.

If her can tell her any Tale or Tidings of her good Cousin *Shrike* or *Scome*, *Shantman* or *Males*, by her Mytery, & *Vermin* *coaster*, with great *Pigg* *Peard*, more like her *Gooses* *tail* then her *Goats* *whiskers*, her is armed with two *Spanish* *Pike* on her sleeve, and *Poddy* in her hand, was very *Valliant* gainst her *Enemy*, which her kill with Crack of her *tail*, or at least give her bloody nose, as all her Countrey-men can tell, her dwell neer *St. Clements* in the *Strand*, having great *pigg* *shop*, and is stay'd away above two whole Week agoe, none but *St. Tebe* knows whether.

But fore her would loose her good Cousin *Shrike*,
Her vows, for *Toasted Cheese*, exorate the *Moone*.

FINIS.

